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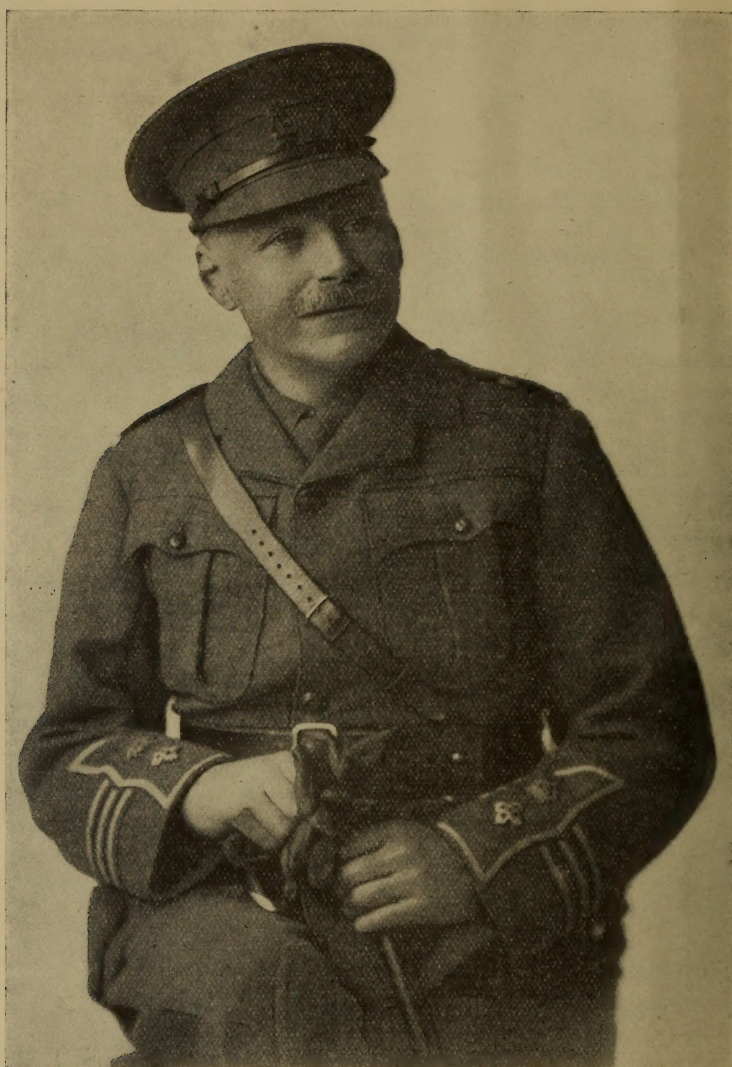
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With Compliments

Sig. E. S. Acheson.

Rouelles Camp
Canadian Base Depot
Haar
France

April 1/1916



Lieut. Col. E. B. WORTHINGTON

THE ROUELLES CAMP MAGAZINE

Canadian Base Depot, Havre.

April 1916.

Printed by kind permission of :

Lieut.-Colonel E. B. WORTHINGTON, Officer Commanding CANADIAN BASE DEPOT.

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EDITORIAL

“ GENTLEMEN, THE KING ”. — “ The King — God bless him ” is the first toast of the *Rouelles Camp Magazine*. We stand and drink to his health in no mere formal fashion, but feeling in our hearts the thrill of that thing which men call loyalty and determined still to see this business through to an honourable end. We have seen the King in our midst. During his visit he shook hands with the Depot officers and showed a keen interest in all that concerned the welfare of the men. Before he left, this valley in France re-echoed with three ringing Canadian cheers. For what he stands for, for what he is — “ the King — God bless him ! ”

GOD'S COUNTRY, CANADA. — We drink to the Day of our return to the land we left beyond the sea. Argue as we may about the

respective merits of the Annapolis and Okanagan Valleys, the Muskoka and Kawartha Lakes, the Peace River District and the Saskatchewan Prairie, and the cities of Port Arthur and Fort William, or Toronto and Hamilton, let us think of what will happen when we are on a ship together bound for home. As we steam up the great St Lawrence to Quebec or Montreal, the welcome we shall give and the welcome we shall get will be Canadian — whole-hearted, undivided, strong in the unity won by fighting side by side for a common cause. To the Day, then; may it be soon!

THE LADIES. — Sir Walter Scott, presumably after reaching the age of discretion, said in a few words nearly all that needs to be said about the ladies:

“ Oh, Woman, — in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel Thou!”

We drink this toast to those we left behind us, Women of Canada, whose share in the great adventure is as large as ours, whose memory helps to keep us true to the best that is in us although months of separation draw out to years, and whose letters from home make life worth living for us when somewhere in Flanders or France. To the Ladies!

THE ROUELLES CAMP MAGAZINE. — Drinking our own health is somewhat out of order; but it has to be done, whether contrary to the Pay and Allowance Regulations or not. This is the first issue of a monthly publication which, it is hoped, will be of interest to all Canadians in France and to all their friends at home. The Canadian Base Depot seems, for the following reasons, to be the best situation for a publication of this sort:

(1) The Canadian Base Depot is at the centre of things. It is in touch with all the Canadian units in France, because reinforcements from England for every unit pass through this Camp, and because wounded officers, N. C. O's and men from every unit pass through this Depot before returning to the Front.

(2) As a souvenir of the War, the *Rouelles Camp Magazine* will be of added interest because it is written up and printed in France. It is not exactly “printed under shell fire” like our worthy contemporaries the “Dead Horse Corner Gazette” and “Listening Post,” but near enough to the Front to catch half the truth and all the rumors, which is quite satisfactory after all. To the *Rouelles Camp Magazine*, then; may its shadow never grow less!

THE SOLDIER'S DECALOGUE



1. — The Colonel is thy only Boss, thou shalt have no other Boss but him.
2. — Thou shalt not send by post any engraven picture of any place in France, or any photo of an Airship that flyeth in the Heaven, nor the likeness of any submarine, in the waters about the earth, for I the Censor am a jealous Censor and visit such sins as these with F. P.
3. — Thou shalt not take the Adjutant's name in vain, for the Colonel will not hold him guiltless that taketh this name in vain.
4. — Remember thou retest not on the 7th day. Six days shalt thou drill, and do all thou hast to, but on the 7th day thou shalt do all the fatigues which can be invented for thy benefit.
5. — Honor thy Platoon Commander and N. C. O's, that thy turn for leave may come before its time.
6. — Thou shalt not kill the Pig or Chickens of the Inhabitants.
7. — Thou shalt not adulterate the Rum of thy neighbouring Platoon.
8. — Thou shalt not steal thy neighbours food at Meal Time.
9. — Thou shalt not bear false witness in the Orderly Room.
10. — Thou shalt not covet the job of the A. S. C. Thou shalt not covet the job of a Sergeant, nor his Pay, nor his Food, nor his Billet, nor anything that is his.

THUMSUP.

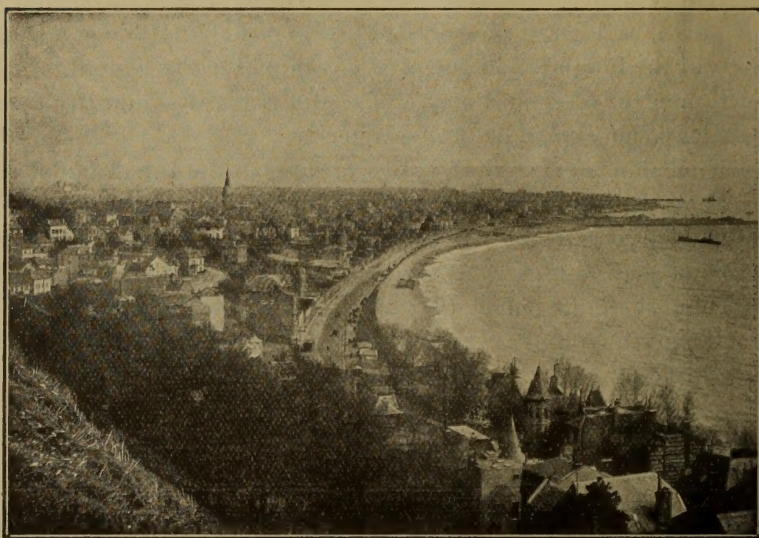
OUR ALPHABET



- A. is the Army of which we're a part.
- B. is the Base Camp, the pride of our heart.
- C. is the Canuck who lives there in State
- D. are Defaulters who double when late.
- E. is an Engine of war yet to try;
- F. is the Flag that we live for or die.
- G. is the Adjutant. Get ye round him who may.
- H. is the Town that we visit with pay.
- I. am an Imbecile puzzling my brains;
- J. is the Joke which won't come for my pains.
- K. stands for Arch Fiend, a Traitor by birth;
- L. is the Language our Subs use with mirth.
- M. is the Major who gives us our pay;
- N. are the Notes which melt all away.
- O. are the Orders, a great work of Art;

- P. is the Person who knows them by heart.
Q. are the questions that someone will ask ;
R. is the Reader who brings me to task.
S. are the Soldiers we hope to become ;
T. is the Training Camp— every day Some.
U. are the Critic, Dear Friend have a heart
V. are the Vermin who will not depart.
W. for Women, Tres jolie in town
X. for Excuses that will not go down.
Y. is the second last letter to fill
& Z. is the one that I hope fills the Bill.

T. B.



Somewhere in France

JOTTINGS FROM THE BASE

(By Lieut.-Colonel E. B. WORTHINGTON)

October 22nd, 1915.

To-day, Camp 19, or more commonly known as the Canadian Base Depot, was inspected by His Majesty the King. He arrived in a Motor, and was accompanied by several Generals, and also naval officers. He arrived at noon, and spent about half an hour looking over our Camp. We had only an hour and a half notice of his visit, but everything was spick and span ; the lines neat ; tent curtains rolled up ; the blankets hung up on big clothes lines, the ablution and bath huts clean, and generally all in apple pie order.

His Majesty asked many questions and appeared very interested in everything — “Excellent — Excellent” — was his frequent comment, as he went from the kitchen to the men’s dining room, to the bath house and drying room.

He chatted very sociably and when I told him I had had the honour, as Mayor of Sherbrooke, in 1902, of reading an address to him, he seemed much pleased.

During His Majesty’s tour of the lines, the men had all been drawn up on the highway, on both sides of the motor cars. They all had a good look at him. As he was entering his car, I called out “Canadians, three cheers for our King” which was given strenuously. His Majesty smiled and saluted as he drove away.

* *November 7th, 1915*

Today (Sunday) we assisted in the celebration of our own undoing, but as this undoing took place 500 years ago, we could afford to be magnanimous. We had received an official invitation from the Mayor of Harfleur, who is also a député for Seine-Inférieure, to be present at the traditional ceremony of the “One Hundred and four” just men of Harfleur, who drove the English out of that City on the 4th day of November 1435.

At 10 a.m. Mr Georges Ancel, at the Mairie, received the civil and military authorities. Then the procession formed and headed by the band and a detachment of the — French Territorial Regiment, marched to the Parish Church to celebrate the annual commemorative mass. The authorities were received at the church door by the curé of Harfleur. The sacred edifice, which by the way was partly built by King Henry V of England, was decorated by the flags of the Allies in great profusion.

The music was very fine and a most patriotic sermon given by the Abbé. At the end of the service, the organ pealed the National Hymns of the Allies, and the cortege reforming outside the church, proceeded to the Place d’Armes, beneath the large bronze statue of Jehan de Grouchy. This hero was the leader of the illustrious 104, and lost his life in the taking of the City.

Here His Honour the Mayor delivered an eloquent oration, addressing himself first to the British Officers. He gave instances of how chivalrously Edward the Black Prince of England had acted towards the defeated King of France and how the soldiers of Wellington in Spain on the one side, and those of the French on the other, after fighting together, had afterwards always fraternised together, in distinction to the gospel of hate and barbarous and inhuman tactics of

the Germans. He finished by reading out the name of 31 Harfleurais who had valiantly laid down their lives for "La Belle France" on the field of battle.

An English orchestra led by Lieut Godfrey (the grandson of the world famous band leader, Lieut Dan Godfrey) then played "La Marseillaise" and the band of the French Regiment our National Anthem.

The ceremony was a tribute to the good understanding and Entente Cordiale between all classes of the French people and the British troops.

* *

When coming out of the Church at Harfleur, after the Mass for the "104", our own Chaplain, the Reverend (Captain) D. J. Hiley was stopped by a young Frenchman, who had on all his equipment, and evidently overcome by the memorial service and the Entente Cordiale fraternisation, with tears streaming down his face, went up to our Chaplain and said in very broken English "I am going to the front Father; will you bless me, Father?". He looked so young for his age, with a brave fair face and blue eyes. He evidently took our padre for a Roman Catholic; and, no wonder for Captain Hiley is very dark and clean shaven, and the first day he reported to me, I called him "Father" at once, although as a matter of religion he is a Baptist — and a mighty good all round Baptist too.

Much to our surprise the scene is depicted on the front page of the "Illustrated London News" of the 1st January, 1916.

December 11th, 1915.

Ten minutes to ten a.m., the Belgian Munitions Works blew up — killing one hundred and forty persons, and injuring about 1500 — the majority with only cuts from flying glass and debris.

It came as if the very foundations of the earth were loosed. A vast column of brown and gray smoke shot up in the heavens rapidly for a few hundred feet — then slow and slower — until it reached 1000 feet or so and then gradually faded, all the while dropping from its opaque pall a mass of shattered steel, wood, brick, and other debris.

Our two Medical Officers were soon on the scene, and lent most efficient aid, ministering to the injured. Every Medical Officer, nurses, and all the ambulances from the City were quickly called into requisition.

Windows were blown in everywhere in the vicinity for a mile or so around, and the shock was felt at Rouen, 46 miles up the Seine.

The stone Parish Church of Harfleur — which tradition ascribes to being erected by King Henry V. of England, about the year 1420 — was damaged beyond repair. The magnificent stained glass windows in all their wealth of splendid colour, dating from the 16th and 17th centuries,

and typifying the higher achievements of a now lost art — were shattered into thousands of fragments, even the beautiful delicately-carved stonework holding the windows in place was blown to fragments, the stone statues displaced and thrown from their niches, the heavy oaken centuries-old doors blown in, the pews all uprooted, and even the organ smashed to bits; an utter ruin of desolation. The old church looked as if it had gone through a bombardment, but oh! the pity of those grand historic windows.

December 12th, 1915.

Inspection of the Camp by Field Marshal Sir John French accompanied by his staff. The men, three-fourths of whom had been at the front, were drawn up in columns. The Field Marshal chatted with several of the men as he went down the lines; afterwards he went over the cook-houses, canteens, etc.

The Commander-in-Chief in departing, expressed his approval.

December 14th, 1915.

The funeral of the victims of the explosion took place to-day, and was made a day of universal sorrow in Havre and surrounding districts.

The ceremony took place at 11.45 a.m. at the Parish Church of Notre Dame. Some of us had tickets, and were given seats in the Chancel. The Belgian Cabinet, members of the Diplomatic Corps, the Chiefs of the Army and Navy, government and municipal authorities, were represented. It was a military and civil function combined.

The funeral oration was most eloquent, and was pronounced by the venerable Vicaire Generale, M. l'Abbé Delestre.

After the service in church, the vast concourse assembled in the square outside, and three orations were made, the first by M. Carton de Wiart, Belgian Minister of Justice. The others by M. Menin, the Minister of Works of the French Republic, and M. Georges Ancel, Deputy and Mayor of Harfleur.

The Cortege then formed; the troops and sailors of three Allies — British, French and Belgian, — alike sorrowing for the dead and those poor relatives left behind. It was one gigantic funeral and the remains of the victims were placed on fifteen A. S. Corps waggons covered with the Union Jack and drawn by four horses, to each catafalque, which were smothered with flowers and wreaths. Over 100,000 people lined the streets.

The solemn procession passed on its mournful way through the city and wound up the steep and rugged side of the cliff to the Cemetery of Sainte-Marie.

There, patriotic discourses were pronounced by Major Le Brun of

the Belgian Pyrotechnic School, and M. Oberhauser of the Schneider (Creusot), the great world-renowned French arms factory.

The whole British Camp gladly subscribed a large sum of money towards the families of the poor victims. The Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men of the Canadian Base Depot, and the Canadian Veterinary Hospital, together gave 2013 francs.

Sunday, December 19th, 1915.

To-day is beautifully fine and clear after rain, rain, deluges of rain. day after day. We all feel happy and forget our little troubles and worries when we see the dear old Sun.

The highway runs through our Camp and on the lower side at the western end, between the khaki tents and the little 2 acre lake, is our parade ground and when not in use, the football field.

On the lower side of the road is a steep bank several feet above the road, and whenever a match is going on, we have lots of civilian spectators, male and female, who line the high bank.

To-day the game was hot and furious, but cleanly contested throughout. However the ball would occasionally get kicked into the lake, which is five or six feet deep, just beyond the edge. Every time it went in the water it was fished out, sooner or later, by means of a stick, but alas! once it flew right into the middle of the lake, 25 yards from the shore. Nothing daunted, our Camp Sergeant-Major Burney and gallant captain of our team, unhesitatingly rushed into the water and with the overhand stroke, calling out "Come on Ireland!" "Come on Ireland!" swam out and fetched in the ball. Great applause from all ranks, especially from the civilians on the high bank of the road.

Burney dived into his tent and being a lightning change artist, came out in a few seconds, arrayed in his kilts, and finished the game.

Result 1 to 0 in favour of the Canucks, and no pneumonia for Burney.

Historical sketch of Harfleur

This town once an important seaport, is now one and a half miles from the sea. The alluvial deposits of the Seine are responsible for this.

Certain historians affirm that Harfleur was a town at the time of the independence of the Gauls.

However this may be, it must have been since the earliest times, situated as it is, at the north side of the mouth of the Seine a place of importance. There seems to be little doubt but that it was built on the

same spot as the ancient town of Caracotinum, mentioned by the traveller Antonin.

It was attacked and devastated by the Saxons at the beginning of the fifth century, and on the ruins, these barbarians rebuilt a town to which they gave the name of Harofloth, a name which proved difficult to pronounce by the French who in place thereof called it Harfleur.

In 1040, Edward, son of Ethelred, and nephew of the late Duke Richard II of Normandy, left Harfleur in forty vessels, which young William of Normandy (afterwards known as "William the Conqueror"), furnished him to aid him in gaining the throne of England, which was then occupied by Harde-Canute his (Edward's) half brother.

But the expedition of the son of Ethelred had no result. In 1158, the possession of Harfleur, by the marriage of King Henry II, of England with Eleanor of Guyenne, the first wife of Louis VII, passed to England, but in 1281, King Philippe III of France acquired it by purchase.

Henry V of England declared war against France in July, 1415, and assembled a great number of vessels (1600) and crossed the channel with 6000 men-at-arms, and 24000 archers.

Just think of it, 12 men in a boat, and contrast the vast leviathans of the present day.

The English archers were skilled bowmen, answering to our rapid fire riflemen, and their sturdy bows were made from the yew tree somewhat similar to the Canadian hemlock.

The king and his brothers, the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester lodged in the prior at Graville (now a suburb of Havre), a mile or so away from Harfleur.

On Wednesday the 16th August the siege began. The attack was vigorous, and the defense heroic, the garrison of Harfleur making sorties, harassing the English and cutting his lines of communication notably between Harfleur and Montivilliers.

By the aid of a mine the English at last made a large breach in the walls, while their cannon rained iron on the town from the tops of the surrounding hills.

Dysentery commenced to decimate the ranks of the English Army; the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Strafford and the Bishop of Norwich were stricken with the disease, and the King impatient, strongly pressed the siege.

There was no such thing as typhoid serum inoculation in those days and not even in the Boer war, when so many of our gallant soldiers succumbed to this disease. Owing to the wonderful strides which modern physic has attained; an epidemic of typhoid in an Army may now be counted on as almost a negligible quantity.

In Shakespeare's King Henry V, many allusions are made to the

siege of Harfleur, and I cannot refrain from quoting the rousing speech he makes to his soldiers before leading them to the assault on the breach.—

K. Hen. “ Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;
“ Or close the wall up with our English dead.
“ In peace there’s nothing so becomes a man
“ As modest stillness and humility ;
“ But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
“ Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
“ Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood.
“ Disguise fair nature with hard-favour’d rage ;
“ Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
“ Let it pry through the portage of the head
“ Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o’erwhelm it
“ As fearfully as does a galled rock
“ O’erhang and jutty his confounded base,
“ Swill’d with the wild and wasteful ocean.
“ Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
“ Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
“ To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
“ Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof !
“ Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
“ Have in these parts from morn to even fought
“ And sheathed their swords for lack of argument :
“ Dishonour not your mothers ; now attest
“ That those whom you called fathers did beget you.
“ Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
“ And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
“ Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
“ The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
“ That you are worth your breeding ; which I doubt not :
“ For there is none of you so mean and base,
“ That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
“ I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
“ Straining upon the start. The game’s afoot :
“ Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
“ Cry, “ God for Harry, England, and Saint George ! ”

At midnight on Tuesday 17th September, the Count d’Estonteville, commanding the besieged, sent a herald-at-arms to the Duke of Clarence, asking for terms. The Duke referred him to the King, who named the Marquis of Dorset, Lord Fitzhenry, and Sir Thomas Harpingham, a committee of adjustment.

The French asked a truce until the Sunday before the feast of Saint Michael, and permission to send a deputation to the King of France, (No wireless telegraphy or even heliography in those days) promising, if they could not obtain succour before the day indicated, that the city, personnel and material would be surrendered.

The conditions were accepted, and the next day the French officers left Harfleur, accompanied by twenty-two knights and esquires, and eighty priests in full ecclesiastical vestments, preceded by the Holy Sacrament. The procession advanced solemnly, and paraded round the Royal tent, but Henry not wishing to assist in the ceremony, had left to his generals the duty of receiving the French.

The deputation then took a solemn oath on the Body of Christ, to give up the city at the hour assigned: they were then conducted into the King's Hall and served with dinner, after which they returned to Harfleur, leaving several hostages in the hands of the English.

The Commander of Harfleur deputed Count de Bacqueville and seven other nobles to go in all haste to the Dauphin of France, then at Vernon, but learned that France had no soldiers to oppose the English; the deputation then returned to Harfleur.

On Sunday the 22nd September, 1415, the city was surrendered without conditions to the King of England, who then with all his army entered by the breach, as was the custom in those days when cities were taken by assault.

Those were not the days of Kultur, but the "scrap of paper" agreed to between the opponents was faithfully observed.

Sunday afternoon, the English pitched the Royal tent on one of the steep hills, surrounding the city. The King in his royal robes surrounded by his lords and his army; then came the French captains, accompanied by eighty-four of the most notable men of Harfleur, and delivered up the keys of the City.

Henry remained at Harfleur until the 1st of October, and fought the great battle of Agincourt soon after, laying the whole of Normandy at his feet.

At the beginning of the year 1417, the French tried to retake Harfleur on two different occasions. They invested the place by land and sea, assisted by a flotilla of Spanish and Genoese vessels, but were repulsed; the first time by the Duke of Bedford, the second by Admiral Harington. Harfleur thus remained for twenty consecutive years in the hands of the English.

In August, 1422, King Henry V died, leaving the crown of England and that of France to his son, then too young to govern; the regency of France was confided to the Duke of Bedford, brother of the deceased. But at this epoch a great female revivalist had appeared — not exactly

a suffragette, not a leader of women, but a leader of men, in the person of Jeanne d'Arc, a young girl. The English had laid siege to Orleans, and she, stimulating the courage of the defenders, at length obliged them to raise the siege. We are told in our Infantry Training, that the moral is to the physical, as 3 to 1, and it was her spirit and magnetism or individuality that enthused new life into the hearts of the French, that eventually drove the English from France. But the story of the Maid of Orleans cannot be given here. The insurrection became popular everywhere. The Duke of Bedford died 14th September, 1435.

A French seigneur, beloved of his country men, Jean de Grouchy, le sire de Monterollier, raised an army of 20,000 men and invested Harfleur. There had been many Frenchmen acting as servants to the English, who had been permitted to remain in Harfleur, and these found means of communicating with the French Army, encamped outside the walls, and a plot was agreed upon.

On the morning of the 4th November, 1435, the French set fire to several buildings in the suburbs of Harfleur; the English soldiers perceiving the flames, ran from the City to extinguish them. This was the signal! Jean de Grouchy descended the hill, where he was encamped, and advanced towards the walls.

The 104 men of Harfleur (les cent-quatre Harfleurais) armed themselves and fell on the remaining garrison of English soldiers, and at the same time opened the gates of the city to their fellow countrymen.

Harfleur was retaken by the French but Jean de Grouchy and the greater part of the men of Harfleur died in delivering their City. On a big stone pedest'al in the Square behind the Parish Church of St. Martain's stands the black bronze statue, three time life size of de Grouchy.

For many years after this event the church clock every morning struck 104 strokes to perpetuate the memory of these brave men. This custom appears to have continued until the end of the 16th century. In 1777, the inhabitants decided to celebrate the 4th of November of each year by a solemn mass in memory of the 104. This custom, interrupted by the revolution, was not re-established until 1840, and has since prevailed. Then "à la lueur d'un jour assombri par les vitraux gothiques, le prêtre murmure les prières pour ceux qui sont tombés sur le seuil de leurs pères en affranchissant leur pays! L'imposant appareil des basiliques, la voix mugissante du canon n'entretient pas ici l'Éternel des vaines grandeurs des puissants de la terre; seulement, dans une humble nef éclate en chœur l'hymne de triomphe sur la poussière de quelques hommes obscurs dont le sépulcre a dévoré jusqu'au nom: la foule prie pour les Cent-Quatre."

In 1438 the English attempted to take Harfleur, but did not succeed; but in April 1440, Lord Talbot at the head of an English Army, recaptured the City.

At the beginning of 1449, Charles VII of France, accompanied by the King of Sicily, and a large number of French noblemen arrived at Montivilliers (about 2 miles from our Camp and the same distance from Harfleur) with an army of 10,000 men. A fleet of 25 large vessels guarded seawards, and 1000 more men assembled to the North West at Gravelle, now a suburb of Havre. The place was defended by 1600 English men and held out until 24th December, 1449, surrendering on condition that the English might leave the City taking with them all their goods and chattels, and they were to surrender the city on New Year's day. The English gave 8 gentlemen-at-arms as hostages, who were sent to Montivilliers.

On this day, the keys of the City were sent to the Comte de Dunois, Lieutenant-General of France.

1. — “Après la réception de ces clefs fut envoyé par ledit lieutenant de ses gens dedans les deux tours du hable ou havre pour en oter la bannière des Anglois qui étoit sur l'une d'icelles à champ blanc et une croix rouge, parmi, et après par deux heraults fut mise sur l'une d'icelles tours la bannière du roi de France, laquelle en posant il s'éleva un grand cri de joie et de réjouissance de tout le peuple de la ville. Par ainsi furent garnies ces deux tours de devers Rouen des gens dudit Lieutenant. Ce jour s'en alla la plus grande partie des Anglois par bateaux.”

2. — “La Ville d'Harfleur devait avoir encore bien a souffrir des guerres entre la France et l'Angleterre, mais elle était délivrée pour toujours du joug de l'étranger et la croix de St. Georges ne devait plus flotter sur ses murailles où, insolante et fière, elle s'était balancée pendant trente ans !”

Truth is stranger than fiction and how the whirligig of time does work wonders !

Today, our Canadian ensign, red, with the quarterings of the Provinces, given to us by that noble company, the Canadian War Contingent Association, proudly and freely unfolds itself to the winds of France, respected and honoured by all the inhabitants of this lovely land of Normandie — a sure token of allied friendship, and a guarantee, that be it soon, or be it late, the hydra-headed demon of Bosche militarism shall be forever crushed.

Harfleur enjoyed prosperity until 1515 when its decadence began. Owing to the silting of the Seine it gradually became no longer a seaport. About this time Havre was founded, and most of the people of Harfleur moved there.

Harfleur once more came into English hands, being captured by the earl of Warwick (1592) during the reign of good Queen Bess, but we only held it for the period of one year.

Again, after the King-making victory of Waterloo, a regiment of English cavalry was quartered in Harfleur, during the months of November and December, 1815.

Harfleur today is a town of 2000 inhabitants. One cannot but wonder as he gazes down into the wide moat, seventy-five feet deep, how without our modern steam-shovels, it was ever dug !

(1) From the "Chronique du bénédictin Jean Chartier".

(2) From "Dumont et Léger".

RESTAURANT DE ROUELLES.

MEALS THREE TIMES A DAY

ALL WHITE HELP

NO FOREIGNERS EMPLOYED

NO TIPS.

MENU

BREAKFAST

5.30 to 7.30 a. m.

Bread, Jam,

Tea with Sugar

Butter, Cheese (Tous les jours)

Tea without Sugar

LUNCH

12.00 to 4.00 p. m.

Bread and Butter

SOUP A LA ARMY

Stewed Fruits

Cheese, Jam

(perhaps)

DINNER

5.00 p. m. to 6.30 p. m.

Roast Pork (if Found)

French Chicken (if Pinched)

BELGIAN HARE (if caught)

Pommes de terre

Pommes de terre frites

Carrots (if any)

Parsnips (if any)

DUMPLINS A LA ARMY

DESERT

Ticklers Jam..... Damson and Apple.

Robertsons Jam..... Apple and Damson.

Marmalade extra fine made from selected Turnips and refined cochineal.

Tea with Condensed Milk..... Tea without Condensed Milk.

If we please, tell us

If we don't please, Go to.....

THUMSUP.

“ Tickler’s Jam ”

Written and set to a rollicking tune by Private G. Hulls, 20th London Regiment. The 20th Londons were our gallant comrades in this Camp for many months. The song is very popular in all the Y. M. C. A. Huts throughout the Valley.

- “ We came to fight the Germans and prepared to give ’em beans,
- “ We brought out lots of soldiers and also some gay marines ;
- “ We’d everything we wanted, the food was jolly fine,
- “ There was one thing in particular, an extra special line—

(Chorus)

- “ Tickler’s Jam, Tickler’s Jam, how I love old Tickler’s Jam,
- “ Plum and Apple in one pound pots, sent from England in ten ton lots ;
- “ Every night when I’m asleep, I’m dreaming that I am
- “ Washing my poor old frozen feet in Tommy Tickler’s Jam.

- “ We saw a lot of fighting at a place called Neuve-Chapelle,
- “ We fairly took the place by storm, ’midst hail of shot and shell ;
- “ The Germans saw us coming and stopped their old brass band,
- “ And turned and fled like lightning, when they saw I’d in my hand—

(Chorus)

- “ Tickler’s Jam, Tickler’s Jam, how I love old Tickler’s Jam,
- “ Plum and apple in one pound pots, sent from England in ten ton lots ;
- “ Every night when I’m asleep, I’m dreaming that I am
- “ Forcing my way up the Dardanelles with Tommy Tickler’s Jam.

- “ We did a lot of fighting with some bombs thrown by the hand,
- “ They went off like an earthquake and they shifted tons of land,
- “ These bombs are made in thousands, by men not highly trained,
- “ They’re simply made of little tins, which at one time contained—

(Chorus)

- “ Tickler’s Jam, Tickler’s Jam, how I love old Tickler’s Jam,
- “ Plum and apple in one pound pots, sent from England in ten ton lots ;
- “ Every night when I’m asleep, I’m dreaming that I am
- “ Having my tea with Kaiser Bill, and Tommy Tickler’s Jam.

- “ When I get back to Angleterre, back to my dear old wife,
- “ I mean to make the most of things and see a bit of life ;
- “ I love my dear old woman, but her life I’ll surely take,
- “ If ever she puts in front of me, jam of that well-known make—

(Chorus)

- “ Tickler’s Jam, Tickler’s Jam, how I love old Tickler’s Jam;
 - “ Plum and apple in one pound pots, sent from England in ten ton lots ;
 - “ Every night when I’m asleep, I’m dreaming that I am
 - “ Sent up the line with the best of luck, and Tommy Tickler’s Jam.”
-

BOOK REVIEW BY OUR LITERARY ARTIST

TRAINING CAMPS by Pte A. T. Base.— Undoubtedly written by one who knows his subject well. His description of the hardships undergone should do much towards abolishing this prevailing evil.

REVEILLE PARADE by Cpl S. Leep.— The author's description of the tortures combined under this heading are very vivid. "The Rush and Bustle" of being on time is well drawn, and Chapter 3 which is entitled "How to Button your Coat while on the move" is good, while the "Strain on the voice of shouting HERE when still in the Tent" should, we think, be put an end to, as it often has fatal results, see chapter on C. B.

PHYSICAL DRILL OF THE TWISTER TWISTED by Sgt. Major A. S. U. Were.— The author at times loses grip of his subject and gets himself tied into knots. One would have to be a CONTORTIONIST to carry out his instructions.

"HOW TO SPEAK FRENCH" WITH THE HANDS by Sgt N. O. Compree.— The author's name speaks for itself. No passage of French conversation has been neglected, from buying a pig and five Chickens to obtaining a drink during prohibited hours, is fully explained with illustrations. This work should be in the hands of every Canadian soldier, who wishes to learn to speak correct French.

ALTIME THUMSUP.

PAY DAY

As I was watching the Draft march off on Tuesday last, I heard the following :—

One of the boys shouted, "Three cheers for our Chaplain ; (who was standing by), Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !"

Another one shouted, "Three groans for the cook."

Whilst a third took up the cry, with, "What about the Paymaster ?", which evidently left them in a quandary. Perhaps the following will help to solve the mystery.

The Paymaster's trials and troubles are many.

Men come up for money and do not get any.

They blame it on him or the Sergeant of course.

And their arguments often they try to enforce.

To get money, some will alter the dates in their books,

And then wonder why they are taken for crooks.

On a special pay-day, you will always find,

Up will come pets of every kind.

And bother and argue and pester and trouble,

It's enough to get any man's brain in a muddle.

Then Drafts will arrive, without pay-books or pay,
And expect to get paid upon the first day.
Among whom some sergeants, who think of this ruse,
To ask for two francs, to cover mess dues.
Also waiting for officers' claims to come through,
Sleepless nights, the Paymaster, has not a few,
So, by taking all things into consideration,
Now, I think you will realise his situation.

Pte. F. RAYNBIRD.

OH! LA! LA!

The following are extracts from the letters of Soldiers Wives to the Paymaster. What do they mean?...

1.—“ I am his Grand father and Grand mother, he was born and brought up in this house in answer to your letter”.

2.—“ My Husband has joined the Army, please send me his elopment money.”

3.—“ Please send me my Husbands money as I am walking about like a Pauper and oblige.

4.—“ You have changed my little boy into a girl, will it hurt him?..

THUMSUP.

Rumours

It is believed that the Kaiser fainted when he heard that our one and only was coming over to lead the Boys into Berlin.

We hear that a sign is to be erected at the entrance gate of this Camp reading : “Ye Pig and Chickens.”

The report that a Canadian was shot, in this Camp, at dawn is not true; he was half shot when the Canteen closed and this probably led to the rumour.

It has been denied that the whole Orderly Room Staff have applied for Commissions.

It is a terminological inexactitude to say this is a “Wet” place : it has been proved that it is very “Dry” between 10 pm. and 11 am.

There is no foundation in the rumour that the entire Base Depot are to parade behind the bag-pipes, in kilts, to proceed to Central Training Camp and instruct the Imperials in Scotch music.

The suggestion that a special Mess for 1st class W. O's is being organized, is without foundation.

It is not true that there is to be a Battalion formed out of P. B. Base N. C. O's.



Elsewhere in France

CRIBBED BY THE CENSOR

Canadian Base, HAVRE, 8-2-16.

Private McDonald to Private Owen.

Greetings ! Salaam ! The missive of Sahib Owen has been received by your humble slave who feels honoured beyond compare.

And having come from the Hospital, yea the mansion house of agonies, I went to a place called convalescent camp, the tabernacles of which were spacious and the beds of which had springs in them, even springs of wrought steel that bounded when weight was put thereon. And my sojourn here was short, for behold I was strong and the agonies of appendicitis had passed and I leaped and bounded as doth the graceful little bird called the elephant. Thence I went unto another and behold I was detailed for fatigues, even the labour which maketh man to groan as doth the bear with a headache, and to curse and rend their garments. And after doing much work behold I met with one of my tribe, even a Canuck from the mountains which extend through the West and are from the North to the South, even unto Mexico. And he said unto me "Why doth thy mouth resemble the hands of a clock at 25 past 7, and why art thou cast down ?" And in my wrath I upbraided him and said : "A curse on thee and thy seed, because thou mockest me when my scrip containeth not a shekel." And he took compassion on me and led me to a Centurion even unto a treasurer who handed me money even silver and notes, and my friend guided me to a tavern and we sat us down and ate, drank and made merry ; and with musick and the sound of the psalter in our ears we went on our way rejoicing. And in the morning the orderly-sergeant answered me and said,

“Behold we have had enough of thee, gird thy loins for to-day wilt thou go to thine own tribe, even unto the sons of Canada yea the people who wear the maple leaf, and for whom a sergeant or corporal holdeth no terror.” Then I arose and with many other men I went and entered a box-car, yea a side-door Pullman which hath neither seats nor windows. And behold the journey was long and cold, nevertheless we arrived in our own camp and the people were withal kindly and still are. And behold now I write this epistle in a Y. M. C. A., even the place of Young Men and behold my ears are made glad with the musick of the piano and the zither, and my heart boundeth and thy servant wisheth to give battle to the Hun. And behold I will be with thee soon, until then, greetings to the men who slay the enemy with the gun that ceaseth not to fire and which spitteth death and destruction and whose sound is like unto a pneumatic riveter. And oh great Sire, long life, happiness and wealth be thy lot for ever more, from thy slave.

PRIVATE MC SPUDD.

Soft Diet

The D. A. M. O. the other day at the sick parade examined Pte. Jones who had a shrapnel wound on the jaw and told him to report to the C. O. that he needed “Soft Diet”. Pte. Jones went promptly to the Colonel’s private quarters, knocked on the door, and walked in.

“Colonel” he says, “the M. O. sent me to tell you that I ought to have some soft diet”.

“My dear man” replied the Colonel, who happened to be dressing at the time, “I am very sorry, but all I have here is chewing gum”.

EXIT : PTE. JONES.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

THE FOLLOWING IS A TRUE

COPY OF AN OFFICIAL LETTER

RECEIVED AT THIS DEPOT

C^t Officer of Rouelles Camp

COMMANDANT

We are eager to advise you than we have at present any groups benzine motors-pumps to your disposal of model already in use into British Army.

In case where you should require of one of those machinery to drain water of your trenches or for all other duty where it is want of a pump, we should engage you to receive of apparatus who are

necessary you, as soon as possible our means of fabrication are not permitting us to give up at our clientship to quick than we wish.

Those groups of a delivery 6 tuns about per hour (2.000 gallons). are very lights. easily transportables few obstructing and of conduct very easy.

In the price is included the whole machinery with all her accessory. breathing pipe and delivery in armed rubber, clack-valve with fringe. junctions of pipes etc. . .

Hoping than you shall note down carefully of our proposition we are praying you to accept my Commandant the assurance of our eminent considération.

JEAN BOULANGER.

P.-S. — On special order we can supply bigger motors-pumps of about fifty tuns (10.000 gallons) per hour for the neat price of Frs. : 1.000, with pipes and all accessory.

Canada's National Song

O Canada, our fathers' land of old,
Thy brow is crowned with leaves of red and gold.
Beneath the shade of the Holy Cross
Thy children own their birth ;
No stains thy glorious annals gloss
Since valor shields thy hearth.
Almighty God, on Thee we call,
Defend our hearths, fend this nation's thrall ;
Defend our hearths, fend this nation's thrall.
Altar and throne command our sacred love ;
Mankind to us shall ever brothers prove.
O King of Kings, with Thy mighty breath
All our sons do Thou inspire ;
May no craven terror of life and death
E'er damp the patriot's fire.
Our mighty call loudly shall ring
As in the days of old " For Christ and the King " .
As in the days of old " For Christ and the King " .



Rue de la " Out of Bounds "

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

CLARENCE. — If you suffer from Cold Feet and are soon proceeding to the front, put in an application to your C.O. to permit you to walk over to the German trenches whenever you feel you need circulation in your extremities, as this cure has never been known to fail.

DOWNHEARTED. — Never forget that no matter what the Orderly Sergeant may say, you cannot be made to do two Fatigues, at one and the same time.

ANXIOUS. — No, " Donnez-moi votre hair brush you ugly crossed eyed old Crapaud " is not considered good French. You would do well to buy " How to speak French " which we review in this issue.

ALTIME THUMSUP.

BOXING NOTES.

Our evenings of Boxing always bring a big crowd plenty of real good Sport; the contests are usually held in the Y. M. C. A. Hut, the leader of which Capt. Hiley is a splendid all round Sportsman and gives us great assistance in these entertainments. If any one doubts the physique of the Canadians they only have to look in, any evening we have our bouts on, and all doubts will vanish; it sure is a treat to see

the way these boys strip, and always, when representing the Canadians at any of the Imperial Camps they leave a good record behind them.

It is rumoured that we are going to have an open air boxing ring for the Summer at the Depot here, so we will look forward to some real good Sport.

The wrestling bouts haven't been so plentiful. The middleweight Champion of the North of England threw out a challenge to all Camps in Havre and was accepted by R. S. M. Burney G. W., of this Depot but the day the bout was to have come off the challenger went up the line doing us out of a good bout, we had looked forward to.

Our R. S. M., has given us two or three other good exhibitions here which were always appreciated.

FOOTBALL NOTES

Our football team has been very successful this year playing 21 games, winning 20, losing 1, taking into consideration that we haven't a permanent team and that they are gathered from the cripples returning from Hospital.

The Sergeants played the Officers on February the 4th and after a very pleasant and well fought game the Sergeants won by 3—1. A return match was to have been played but a Draft was called for two days after and that copped it "All up the Line with the best of Luck". However we have the return match to look forward to.

L/Cpl J. Mc Millan, Pte. M. Storrier and Cpl. J. Dewar have all done splendid work for the team.

COMPETITIONS.

A Prize of 5 fr. will be given for the best true story of "*An Act of Courage actually seen*"; this may be written in Verse or Prose.

A. Prize of 3 fr. will be given for an article, verse or prose on "*The closest Shave I have had*". N. B. This has nothing to do with the Base Barbers.

A Prize of 5 fr. will be given for "*the Tallest Rumour I have ever heard*".

A Prize of 2,50 fr. will be given for the "*Best ten tips on Lead-Swinging*".

A Prize of 5 fr. will be given for the best poem on any subject.

RULES.

1. Write clearly on one side of the paper only.
2. Editor's decision final.
3. Editor reserves the right to publish all any or none of the manuscripts received.
4. All manuscripts to be in the Y. M. C. A. Box not later than 10th. April.

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